

CAPRICES.

MULTI-MILLIONAIRE'S SON WEDS A SHOP GIRL.

Young Horatio Bigelow, Son of the \$30,000,000 Copper King, Finds His Heart's Ideal Behind the Counter in Jordan, Marsh & Co.'s Big Boston Store---And is Disinherited.

"On Aug. 3, at the Church of the Ascension, Roxbury, by the Rev. Edward L. Atkinson, pastor, Horatio Bigelow, 22, of Boston, and Mary Alice Reece, 21, also of Boston."

Boston, Sept. 22.
I was only a simple little marriage notice and yet it involves one of the proudest families in New England, and also the wealthiest. Upon the ultimate result of that depends the disposition of between \$25,000,000 and \$30,000,000.
The groom is the eldest son of Albert S. Bigelow, the Copper King, of Boston and Cohasset.
The bride was but yesterday a saleswoman in the department store of Jordan, Marsh & Co.

heres, brought an answering flush to her cheeks and a softer light into her eyes.

But neither had ever met the other before, and to this plain Boston shop girl, as to the highest bred girl in the land, an introduction was necessary before either could address the other.

To Bigelow this was an easy matter. At the closing of the store, at 5 o'clock, he waited at the side door where the "help" are compelled to leave and was rewarded for his patience by the sight of the woman manager of one of the departments with whom he was acquainted, as his father had always kept an account at the establishment.

To the manager he explained his predicament and begged her intervention. He was so evidently sincere in his pleadings that he interested the elderly lady whom he had approached and she consented to introduce him to Mary Reece. At the same time she warned him that the young woman was no ordinary shop girl, for a young man to interest himself with for the moment, but a lady in every sense of the word.

At the side door in the alley Bigelow met his fate, and accompanied the girl to her humble home in South Boston.

The next evening and the next found him at the same side door, and often during the next few weeks did the object of his adoration find boxes from Boston's most fashionable florist containing freshly plucked layers of violets at her place at the trimmings counter on her arrival at the store in the morning.

All these attentions did not escape the notice of her companions, and it was from their joking with her about the matter that she first learned that her youthful admirer was no less a personage than Horatio Bigelow, eldest son and heir of the wealthiest man in New England and one of the richest men in the United States.

The thought at first frightened her and she begged Bigelow to discontinue his attentions, saying that she was no fit mate for him, and that his parents would make trouble for him if he persisted in his courtship. But with all the eloquence that his

love could impart, her lover threw her fears to the winds and assured her that to him life would be a burden if she would not consent to listen to him.

It was as pretty a variation of the old, old story under new guises as is ever seen, but with the self-same old meaning as the romance of Faust and Marguerite. There was happily the different condition, however, that the lover in this romance was an honest man and was actuated by nothing but the purest of motives.

The attentions continued, and now Bigelow began to escort his love to her home in South Boston nearly every night. First her sisters and then her mother got to know the fashionable looking young man, and then the neighbors. They questioned her about him and she told them who he was.

With tears and pleadings they besought her to give him up, saying that they were sure he meant no good to her, and pointing out numberless instances of similar cases where the life of the girl was ruined by the attentions of similarly wealthy and aristocratic lovers.

But she gave no heed to their advice. By this time the love god had obtained as firm a grip upon her as upon Horatio Bigelow. All through the Fall and Winter of '88, and the Spring of this year, her devoted lover could be found every evening at the same side door. The young millionaire often

visited the girl at her counter in the store. He showed his pride and delight in her by inviting her with her sister to meet some of his college chums and classmates at a splendid dinner at the Hotel Touraine, where the bill reached considerably over three figures.

In the warm weather, during the Spring and early Summer, the pair might be found on Saturday afternoons and Sundays canoeing on the placid bosom of the Charles River at Riverside, in Auburndale. During other days, when she was obliged to pass her time at the store, the evenings would find them at the chutes, with Bigelow escorting her around, introducing her to any of his chums who might be present.

Many times in that dizzy descent of the chutes did the arm of the young millionaire encircle the waist of the working girl with thoughts only of love and respect.

All this time his father and mother heard nothing of the love affairs of the son. They thought him at the aristocratic Somerset Club, or the Boston Athletic Association, while he was with the girl of

his heart. His parents were planning—like the Vanderbilt's had done—for an all around the world tour for their eldest hope and heir, after his graduation at Harvard last June. Young Bigelow was also planning such a tour, but with a different idea altogether. He had decided to take it, but not alone, and he began to whisper into the ear of her who was by this time his fiancée, of the ideal honeymoon awaiting them, as they would travel among the tropical islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans around about through China and Japan, and all the countries of the Orient, finishing with Europe and the Continent. Then America, after their desire to travel had been satisfied, back to his fond parents, who, by that time, would have entirely recovered from the shock of their marriage.

The prospect was too enticing, the future pictured in these colors looked too heavenly for any girl not entirely an angel to long to withstand. It was with a timid delight that Mary Reece finally gave her consent that the marriage should take place in August.

On August 3, at the Little Church of the Ascension in Roxbury, a mission chapel of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the pair were married by the pastor, the Rev. Edward L. Atkinson. The clergyman knew neither party, but the license Bigelow handed him looked satisfactory, and he made them one. The marriage record filed at City Hall shows this fact.

The next two weeks were spent by the bride and groom at Newport, where the Bigelow family has been known for nearly a century. But, singularly enough, no one of the groom's acquaintances happened to meet them, and during all the time the parents of the bride thought she was visiting friends in the country, while those of the groom supposed him, with other Harvard graduates, at the mountains.

On August 18 Mrs. Bigelow came back from her "vacation," but did not go back to work at the store of Jordan, Marsh & Co. The idea of the wife of a multi-millionaire heir again becoming a shop girl was too much for her husband to imagine, so she stayed at home. To her mother and sisters she was as before plain Mary Reece. Albert S. Bigelow, father of the groom,



MR. BIGELOW'S COUNTRY HOME.



YOUNG HORATIO BIGELOW



MISS MARY A. REECE.

gust, when she expected to take her vacation at the store. August 3 was fixed for the date, and the matter of the clergyman she left entirely with her lover, pleading, however, that as she was a Catholic, she would prefer to be married by a Catholic clergyman.

To this request, Bigelow, for the first time, turned an unwilling ear. He explained that, as his parents were strict Protestants, their forgiveness would be much more easily won if they were married by an Episcopal minister, and the girl assented.

This was without the knowledge of either her sisters or parents. Even her twin, Helen, who looks enough like her to pass for Mary at any time, knew nothing of the momentous step her sister was about to take.

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is estimated to be worth from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000, and since the death of Frederick L. Ames is the wealthiest man in New England. He is the president of the Boston and Montana, Butte and Boston, Tananarack and Oceola Copper Mining companies, and also of the Merced Gold Mining Company, besides being director in numberless others. His fortune is estimated to have been increased by not less than \$5,000,000 during the copper craze of the last two years, and he is known on State street as the Copper King.

The first of September the long-cherished plans of the father and mother of the groom for the round-the-world trip of their son materialized, and he left Boston for New York by a night train. But although he bade Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow good by alone at the door of the car, in another parlor car sat Mrs. Horatio Bigelow, their unknown daughter-in-law, also on route from a trip around the world.

The next morning saw the young married couple off from New York on their trip across the continent to San Francisco, where, five days later, they took the Pacific Mail Steamer for Yokohama. From San Francisco the groom wrote the letter to his parents, announcing the marriage, and his wife did the same to hers.

The marriage has come upon Albert S. Bigelow, father of the groom, with a terrible shock, and also upon the parents of the bride. While the latter are no doubt pleased that their daughter's romance should have ended in the way it did, they take bitter exception to the fact, being the strictest of German Catholics, that she should have been married by a Protestant clergyman.

In the clubs it is rumored that young Bigelow will be cut off altogether by his father, while intimates of the latter also declare that he will in time accept the inevitable. In the meantime the happy couple are spending their second honeymoon among the chrysanthemums of the Island Kingdom of Japan.

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"A conscientious surgeon will break a man's leg to reset it straight, and sometimes it is necessary for the good of a child that he should have his will broken. Within reason I believe in allowing children to bully and fag each other at school. The English have the right idea about these things in their schools. The children there soon find out who is master."

"LET YOUR BOYS FIGHT IF THEY WANT TO," SAYS DR. HALL, SCIENTIST.

Dr. G. STANLEY HALL believes in letting boys fight, and, although Dr. Hall is accounted the leading psychologist of America, he has drawn down upon himself the wrath of the Chicago Board of Education by his daring.

"Let your boys fight if they want to," says Dr. Hall, and he also declares that if they don't fight there is something wrong with their mental and moral make-up. He says that naturally children are savages, murderers and criminals, and that premature attempts to alter their primitive ways

do more harm than good. Dr. Hall is the head of the Department of Mental Science in Clark University, Worcester, Mass., and he has made a close and careful study of his somewhat startling subject.

"Boys are naturally robbers," says Dr. Hall. "They are bandits and fighters by nature. There has recently been conducted a scientific study of the societies which boys form—I mean the kind of society or club they get up when they are away from the supervision of their elders. In every instance those societies have been predatory. All of the members thirsted for

blood, and all of their plans were for robbery and murder.

"The child is in the primitive age. The instinct of the savage survives in him. The angry child doubles up its puny fist and strikes its mother. The blow is a mere tap; it does no harm, and the mother perhaps does not even feel it. But that she is not killed or severely injured is not because of lack of will upon the part of the child, but of physical weakness.

"In his primitive state man fought with his neighbor over a bone in a cave. His one thought was to secure the greatest possible advantage to himself. So it is among

children. They have no logical idea what- ever of right and wrong. Everything is a matter of expediency.

"Unless Tommy is a mere maulkin, a namby-pamby little milkop, he doesn't refrain from attacking apples because his conscience troubles him. Not a bit of it; he hasn't got any conscience to trouble him. If he lets green apples alone it is for one of two reasons—either he knows that his mother will spank him if he eats them, or he knows by hard experience that the pain of stomachache more than offsets the pleasures of eating.

"In a child's mind the fear of punish-

ment takes the place of moral reasoning. He has a thorough dose of Dr. Spaul's remedy. As he grows older, by nature's processes, he becomes a reasoning animal. By that time he ceases to be afraid of his mother, however, society takes hold of him, controls him and puts him in harness.

"The kindergarten spends a lot of time telling the club women that they must not punish children. It says that nature, and not the mother, must administer a chastisement. That is all right in theory, but suppose a boy plays hooky, or suppose he won't carry in wood. What thunderclap is coming from the sky to punish him for that? In a case like that I be-

lieve in punishment for children. I believe in corporal punishment in the schools. It should not be carried to ex-

cess, but the fact that an incorrigible knows that the teacher may whip him. I don't want to whip a boy severely, but I want to control him. I want him to know that I can give him a licking.

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